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T H E
MUSICAL LAW-BIRD.

On the following subject :-

1. The Poet-Laureat's Address to the House of Lords.
2. The Declaration of a bright Luminary of the Law.
3. The Royal Stag-Hunt on Windsor-Forest.
4. A Squeeze in Guildhall.
5. Cut and come again ; or, The generous City Landlord.
6. The Easter Hunt on Epping-Forest.
7. The Rival Charms of Vauxhall.

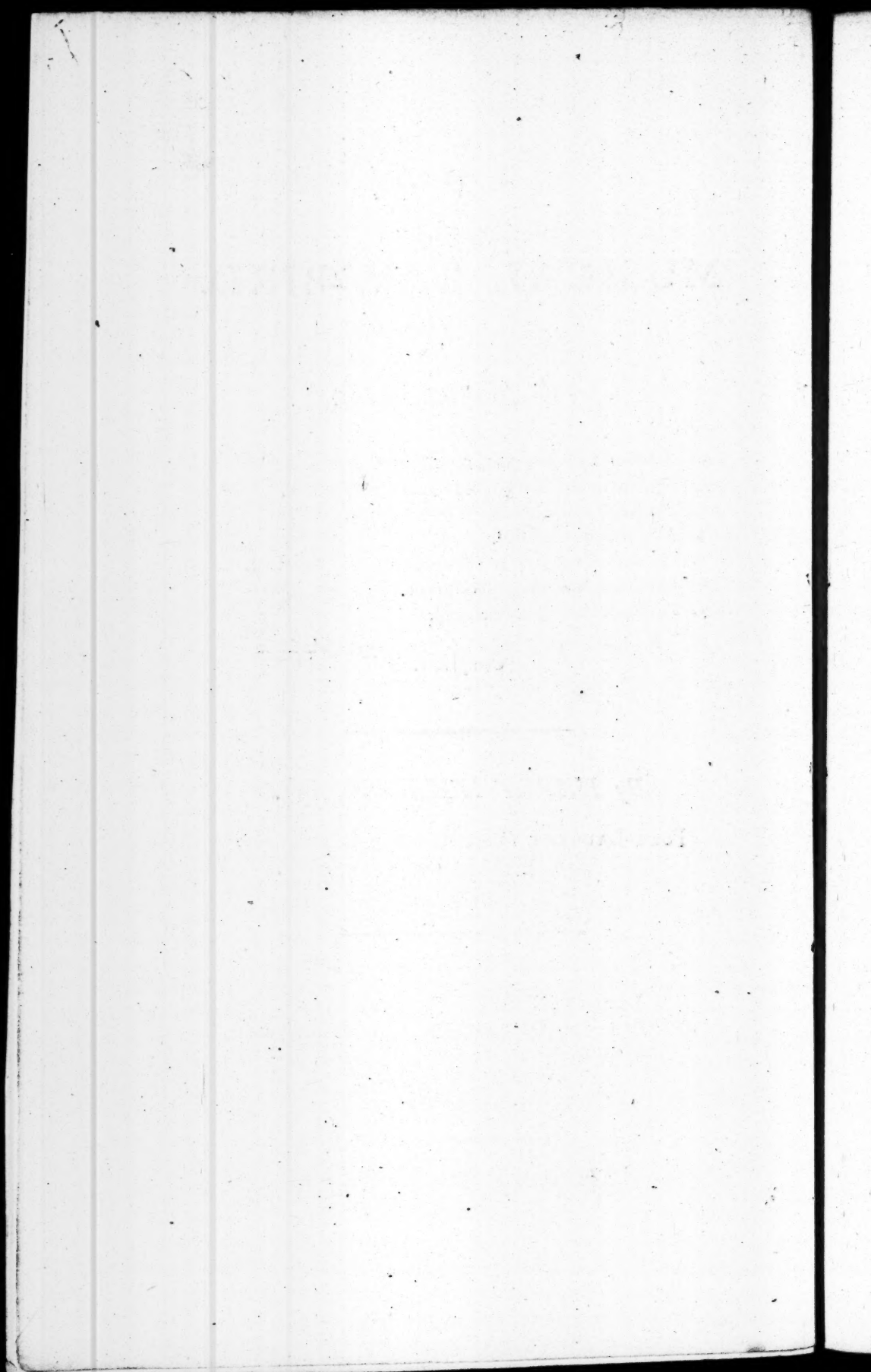
N. B.—Sung last season with great applause in select
Companies.

By HARRY HELICON, Esq. K.

POET-LAUREAT to the HOUSE of LORDS, near
Lombard-Street.

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I.

THE
POET-LAUREAT's
PROBATIONARY ODE.

Addressed to the HOUSE of LORDS.

TUNE—*To Anacreon in Heaven, &c. &c.*

I.

HOW noble, my Lords! and how just is our
claim
To honour, when virtue and friendship inspire us!
T'improve our Society shall be our aim
As often we meet, let us be desirous
T'enjoy the delights
Of our charter'd rights,
In generous actions, we'll gladly unite,
Whilst mirth and sweet harmony 'mongst us are
found,
The Assembly of Lords doth with pleasures abound.

CHORUS.

*Whilst mirth and sweet harmony 'mongst us are found,
The Assembly of Lords doth with pleasures abound.*

II.

What subjects on earth are more loyal and true
Than Britons, who love both their country and
King?
'Tis our boast, my Lords! and our privilege too,
We're ambitious to shine forth in ev'ry good
thing!

In Church and in State,
 What's noble and great
 Deserves our attention both early and late !
 Whilst mirth and sweet harmony 'mongst us are
 found,
 The Assembly of Lords doth with pleasures abound.
Whilst mirth, &c.

III.

Our lives and our fortunes we gladly devote
 To serve our dear country—we'll constantly aid
 With wise and good counsel, and seek to promote
 The arts, navigation, our commerce, and trade.
 In war and in peace
 Our fame doth increase,
 Our dutiful loyalty never shall cease :
 Whilst mirth and sweet harmony 'mongst us are
 found,
 The Assembly of Lords doth with pleasures abound.
Whilst mirth, &c.

IV.

Unshaken sits Freedom on Liberty's throne,
 As long as bold Britons their birth-right defend !
 My Lords, the ambition and pride 'tis our own,
 Our rights we'll maintain both by sea and by
 land ;
 And prove that our claim
 Is not a mere name,
 But virtue inspires us to honour and fame !
 Whilst mirth and sweet harmony 'mongst us are
 found,
 The Assembly of Lords doth with pleasures abound.

CHORUS.

*Whilst mirth and sweet harmony 'mongst us are found,
 The Assembly of Lords doth with pleasures abound.*

The

II.

The DECLARATION
Of a bright LUMINARY of the LAW.

TUNE—*The Vicar of Bray.*

I

WHILST *George the Third wears England's
 Crown,*

And Pitt is in commission,
 I'm favour'd with the Seals alone,
 In spite of opposition :
 I keep mine enemies in awe !
 Though not through art but nature ;
 And aid in equity and law
 The British Legislature !

CHORUS.

And this is law, I will maintain,
 Whilst now the Seals I hold, Sir !
 I'll ride in coach down Chancery-lane,
 And sit at Lincoln's-Hall, Sir !

II.

Let men of fashion kill the time
 At foolish gaming places,
 Or sport away in style sublime,
 As at Newmarket races :
 Let the Lord-Mayor ride to Guildhall,
 With Aldermen in procession,
 To ven'son feast or city ball—
 I follow my profession.

And this is law, &c.

Since

III.

Since State affairs and politics
 Require such nice decisions,
 I'll sit to hear all lunatics
 And bankrupts fair petitions:
 Since swindlers now do multiply,
 And bankrupts are increasing,
 I'll watch 'em with a guarded eye,
 Howe'er to them displeasing.

And this is law, &c.

IV.

All those who're guardians and trustees
 Of minors in this nation,
 Shall give account of dues and fees,
 And of their application;
 Their lawful right and property
 (By my express direction)
 Shall from extortion be kept free,
 And meet my kind protection.

And this is law, &c.

V.

I hold the scale of Justice true,
 'Twixt creditors and debtors,
 Since honest men they're now but few,
 I challenge all abettors
 Of fraud, and their deceitful ways,
 However so benighted;
 I'll clear up ev'ry doubtful case,
And see all parties righted!

And this is law, &c.

VI.

Patents and livings I'll bestow
 On none but men of merit!
 Whate'er's *pro bono publico*
 I will support with spirit:
 I'll serve my country, I declare,
 In ev'ry legal measure;
 'Tis for *my King*!—and zounds! I swear
 I do my best with pleasure.

CHORUS.

Henceforth, whatever be my fate,
 This is my resolution,
 I will maintain, in Church and State,
 The *British Constitution*!

III.

The ROYAL STAG HUNT,

On WINDSOR FOREST.

TUNE—*Bright Phœbus has mounted, &c.*

I.

COME away, jolly Bucks, to the Stag-hunt
repair,
At Windsor's wide forest, the King now is there,
The stag and the hounds and the sportsmen so gay,
Fly o'er the bright hillocks—come hasten away.
Follow, follow the stag, how delightful the race,
The swifter, the swifter,
The swifter the stag runs the better the chase.

CHORUS.

Follow, follow, &c.

II.

Behold! how majestick the stag bounds on high,
That instant he starts, hark the hounds in full cry!
The stag on the rout, and the King and the clown
Through woodlands, o'er hillocks, they dance up
and down.

Follow, follow, &c.

III.

Pursuing the stag, with the hounds at his heels,
'Mongst the brisk noble Bucks what delight there
prevails!
Hark the horns with tantivi resound in the sky,
And all the gay sportsmen in chorus reply:

Follow, follow, &c.

Since

IV.

Since health, peace, and plenty, in England are
 found,
 And forests and rivers with pleasures abound,
 Then a hunting we'll go, and with Jack drefs'd in
 green,
 We'll drink a full bumper to *George* and his *Queen*.

CHORUS.

Chear up, jolly boys, let your courage be seen,
 Fill a bumper, a bumper,
 Fill a bumper again to *King George* and his *Queen*.

B

A SQUEEZE

IV.

A SQUEEZE in GUILDHALL.

To the tune of Mrs. CASEY.

I.

OF late, when th' election begun,
And the condidates canvals'd the city,
Then a squeeze in Guildhall 'twas the fun;
For, each Alderman with his committee,
And most worthy Liv'rymen met,
The parties in number increasing,
It put them into a terrible sweat,
For there was such pushing and squeezing!
Ri tol de rol, &c.

II.

To catch ev'ry candidate's eye,
And to hear a fine speech on th' occasion,
A croud of electors stood by
To receive each a sollicitation:
Now vollies of votes did resound
From all parties—but how to divide 'em,
Th' old custom was properly found,
That a show of hands should decide 'em.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

III.

Some candidates with their commands,
When gath'ring the votes, made a blunder—
They counted more fingers than hands—
Thus parties must differ—no wonder;
Those on the minority side,
In their firm resolution unshaken,
To indulge their ambition and pride
Demanded a poll should be taken.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

At

IV.

At starting, the question arose
 Who might be the fortunate winners?
 'Twas prov'd at the poll they were those
 Who bestow'd the most breakfasts and dinners!
 The greater the contest, the more
 Merry cits were seen quaffing and boozing,
 Whilst spending each candidate's store;
 Thus th' election was very amusing.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

V.

But after th' election 'twas said,
 That to dine with a Member elected!
 Did cost but a guinea per head,
 An honour to those unexpected,
 Who often have feasted, cost free,
 As guests at an Alderman's table;
 But now to bestow a small fee
 Proud cits were both willing and able.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

VI.

What pleasure th' election still yields,
 To hear of a squeeze 'mongst the ladies!
 Near Temple-bar or in Moorfields,
 Or where'er now the city parade is;
 When husbands their wives are admiring,
 They're hustled amongst the fair throng,
 To honour and love they're aspiring—
 And wishing success! ends my song.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

CUT and COME AGAIN:

Or the GENEROUS CITY LANDLORD.

TUNE—'Twas in the good ship Rover.

I.

AT Robin's house, a puncheon
Of wine, or red, or white,
Of ham and fowl, a luncheon
May please your appetite :
If you're in health's full vigour
You'll taste it not in vain ;
But drink and pay for liquor,
And cut and come again.

II.

Behold at yonder larder
A round of beef so nice !
If you can drink the harder,
Then cut a handsome slice :
If you're in health's full vigour,
You'll taste it not in vain ;
But drink and pay for liquor,
And cut and come again.

III.

All men, in good condition,
Come taste of Robin's wine,
Here's plenty of provision
Where'er you choose to dine :
If you're in health's full vigour
You'll taste it not in vain ;
But drink and pay for liquor,
And cut and come again,

VI.

The EASTER HUNT,

On EPPING FOREST.

TUNE—*O the days when I was young.*

I.

THERE on Epping-Forest ground,
Horse and jockey now run round,
Glad to chace the bounding stag,
Never minds to kill old nag:
So he saves but his own skin,
And the marrow-bones within,
Dauntless scours oe'r hill and plain,
For the ven'son is his gain.

II.

Stag, alas! was out of sight,
But Jack did on a hare alight,
Brisk he clapp'd his firelock low,
To give puss a desp'rate blow!
Pointing at the tim'rous hare,
Looking sideways, unaware,
Flies the ball, and shines the spark,
Half a mile beyond the mark!

III.

See, the fields are op'ning wider,
Many a horse without a rider;
Cockneys lost 'twixt briars and brambles,
And the hounds upon their rambles:
Puss and Jack both run, but which
First did tumble o'er a ditch,
You may guess—Jack jump'd so close,
Ten to one he broke his nose.

Lack-

IV.

Lack-a-day, puss runs away,
And poor Cockney without prey,
With a long face and a frown,
Stiff and tired, return'd to town :
Boots and breeches well splash'd over
(That looks clever for a rover !)
Colour'd rags adorn a bunter—
In a green coat shines a hunter.

V.

Though he has no hare or ven'son,
He looks cheerful, like Ben Johnson !
Being dress'd in sportsman's habit,
He now feasts upon welch-rabbit,
Drinks his glass and smokes a pipe,
To prevent the belly's gripe ;
Thus enjoys the sportsman's share,
Who not shot—but saw a hare.

